

# Western Montana News

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## DEAD BODY OF A MAN

It Is Not Known How Fred Burgoyne Met Death.

### REPUBLICANS ON RECORD

A Declaration That Is Taken to Be a Request for Pledge, If There Is Any to Be Given Out—Missoula News.

Missoula, Nov. 5.—The dead body of Fred Burgoyne, one of the old-timers in the Bitter Root valley, was found in the Bitter Root river near Riverside, last night. There is nothing known as to how Burgoyne met death.

The 10-year-old daughter of John Maley died this afternoon from diphtheria. The disease has not become epidemic at all and there are hopes that it will not. The health officers are taking every precaution to prevent any spread of the disease and the Maley residence has been in quarantine for several days. The dead girl was buried this afternoon.

Missoula has been in a state of excitement all day and this evening the streets have been thronged with people anxious for some news from the election. Reports have been current all day that the election of Bryan was thought to be certain and there has been no end of the canards that have been in circulation. This evening there have been crowds at the telegraph offices, but there has been very little satisfaction one way or the other in regard to the state of affairs. There have been some bets made on the result of the Indiana contest but the news that has reached here has been meager.

This evening some enthusiastic Bryan men started a celebration, but it was not a big one and did not last long.

There has been a mild sensation here to-day over the manifesto or proclamation, or whatever it is, issued this morning by some of the local McKinley men after the fight was supposed to be over and the battle won. Most of these men have held their peace during the campaign, but when it seemed as if the pie was ready to be issued, they at once jumped into line for a piece of it. In order to make their cause stronger they dated this peculiar document Oct. 23, and this is the way it reads. It is, in all, the queerest thing that has ever been seen here:

"We, the undersigned loyal citizens of the United States and of the state of Montana, mindful of the origin and splendid achievements of the republican party, the substantial benefits it has rendered to our common country and the great mission it has yet to accomplish in the future progress and destiny of the national commonwealth, and believing that all financial, commercial, economical and national questions and interests and the good of all the people are safest in its hands and under its administration, do hereby, in these times of political heresy and degeneracy, especially reaffirm our allegiance to that party, unswerving faith in its perpetuity and ever increasing usefulness and our full endorsement of its platform of 1896 adopted in convention at St. Louis and its candidates nominated for the office of president and vice president of the United States—William McKinley and Garrett A. Hobart. And we do hereby fully endorse the nomination of O. F. Goddard as the republican candidate for congress in the state of Montana."

"Dated at Missoula, Mont., Oct. 23, 1896."

"Robert Fisher, Chairman."

"Gust Moser, Secretary."

The names attached to the strange document are as follows: W. H. Francis, Charles L. Nichols, W. H. Brimmon, F. M. Cronkrite, C. H. Musgrave, Thomas C. Marshall, W. H. Anderson, W. F. Robinson, H. C. Myers, George E. Boos, E. D. Ludlum, D. K. Rockwell, Frank Bogart, George R. Ogden, Pope Catlin, E. S. Hathaway, Charles A. Johnston, M. E. Ward, C. A. Barnes, E. A. Anderson, C. S. Marshall, Louis Lyon, William M. Glenn, Charles E. Beckwith, Otis E. Johnston, J. H. Houston, F. M. Cronkrite, Jr., H. E. Cheney, P. F. Grant, J. L. Chapman, W. B. Parsons, John Deffenbach, C. W. Lombard, John J. Buckley, Anderson Huker, E. A. Greer, Frank M. Leonard, William Dizon, H. C. Hollenbeck, young republican—Edward H. Boos. The last signer is a youth who will not vote for some years. The document has been the theme of much discussion all day. It would have been all right to publish the thing before election, but to issue it after it was all over and victory for McKinley certain is ridiculous.

The funeral of Lew Hampson, the suicide and murderer and his wife, the victim of his rash act, will be held here to-morrow.

### GAMBLING ON WARSHIPS.

Games of Chance Indulged in by the Navy Boys.

From the New York Sun.  
The regulations as to gambling are practically the same both in the army and navy. In both services, engaging in games of chance for money stakes is strictly forbidden. Punishments for violations of this regulation are of more frequent occurrence in the army, however, than in the navy. There is little or no gambling afloat in the ward rooms of American ships nowadays. Cabin and ward room gambling died out with the passing of the old navy, and even the tales of big games on the old frigates during and just after the war, in which the commanding officer of the flagship bluffed the admiral for 18 hours to a standstill on a pair of sixes, etc., are now rarely heard. The opportunities for gambling are so much greater in an army post than on board a warship that the more common indulgence in quiet little games of draw by officers of the land forces than by gentlemen of the quarterdeck is not surprising. It quite frequently happens that the financial embarrassments, with the attending official difficulties in which young officers are, are directly traceable to gambling. The war department metes out severe punishment every year in cases of this sort, so that army officers now are pretty thoroughly aware that it is easier to wriggle out of almost any kind of trouble than gambling. It is of the rarest occurrence that officers of the navy are hauled up for offenses of this

character. There have been no naval courts-martial on gambling officers for years.

Among the enlisted men in both services gambling is rife. It is practically impossible to prevent it. The men exhibit ingenuity of a high order in devising schemes whereby they may indulge their passion for games of chance with money stakes. On ship-board, where it would naturally be thought that violations of the stringent gambling regulation would be easily detected, the bluejackets and marines, often to the extent of two-thirds of the crew, contrive to gratify their natural or developed taste for gambling for days, and occasionally for weeks, after the serving out of monthly money. Moreover, they frequently play their poker, seven-up and pinocchio right under the noses of the officers, with scarcely any danger of detection and punishment. This is made possible by the high standard of honor which is characteristic of man-of-war-men in the matter of paying gambling debts. In order to have a case against a sailor or marine for gambling the man must be discovered red handed in the act of either passing or receiving money from one of the other of the men with whom he is playing. Thoroughly aware of this, the men have devised a simple plan to meet it. They play on credit, adjustments of all outstanding obligations to be made at the windup of the game. It is done in this way:

Man-of-war-men are permitted to play cards at any time when the "smoking lamp" is lit. The smoking lamp is an oil lantern, open on one side, which is hung generally at the break of the fore-castle for the use of the men in lighting their pipes. It is lighted by the corporal of the marine guard, at the command of the officer of the deck, at all meal hours, and when the boatswain's mates pipes "knock off work" at the close of the afternoon. The lamp is for the use of all hands forward, for enlisted men are forbidden to carry matches in their dirty boxes. At any time, when the smoking lamp is lit, then the men may do as they please in the way of recreation, including the playing of cards, so long as they keep within the regulations. Flush after the serving out of monthly money, the gold burning holes in the money bags suspended by cords around their necks, they are content by the desire to get into a little game of some sort. If they are new men for whom the book of regulations and the journey up "to the stick," to be confronted by the commanding officer, have not yet acquired any terrors, they are likely to withdraw to one of the empty coal bunkers, to one of the fire or engine rooms, or to some obscure corner of the berth deck, to hazard their earnings. But if they are sensible and level-headed they will do no such thing, for the chief master-at-arms, whose business it is to ferret out the gamblers and hale them to the mast, very often takes it into his head to make a descent upon these sequestered places where the players, overconfident of their safety, became careless about the thinking of the coin on the board before them.

The long-headed ones, on the contrary, squat themselves down on the main deck or on the topgallant fore-castle and start the game going under the glare of the sun and the glare of the deck. If they are to play poker, two decks of cards with the same kind of backs are produced. One of these decks is cut in two, and the halves of cards thus made serve as chips. A casual looker-on would fail to distinguish these chips from the discard, and by this means the most essential feature of the game, the clatter of the var-colored ivories, is got rid of. The banker dishes out the half card chips to the players, receiving no payment in return. That is all attended to after the finish of the game. The chips are generally worth 25 cents. The accounts between the banker and the players are accurately carried on both sides by the mental process and there is never any bawling over them—at least during the progress of the game. When a player runs out of chips, he buys either from the banker, or if the banker's chips are also at low ebb, from the more plethoric pile of another of the players. The individual accounts between the players are in turn, kept mentally with the greatest exactness. When the game is over, which is generally at the last echo of the boatswain's mate's "pipe down" whistle, when the lights, except the standing ones, go out, the players add up the "head" or "total" of the quiet part of the fore-castle and settle the financial differences. This is often a very complicated affair, owing to the curious method by which the game has been carried on. But if any of the men thinks he has got the worst of it in the accounting he does not express his dissatisfaction until the next day, for the bluejacket or marine who speaks in a loud tone after "pipe down" has gone is likely to find himself at the mast, before the officer of the deck, in a jiffy. He nurses his grievance until the next day. There are very few of these grievances, however.

Now the beauty of this plan of playing poker on shipboard consists in the fact that it would be impossible for any of the officials of the ship's police department, commissioned or enlisted, to swear that men discovered so playing were gambling. Eyed suspiciously and taken to task by the master-at-arms, the sergeant of the marine guard or even the officer of the deck, or the admiral of the fleet, for the matter of that, the men are playing for fun; the halves of cards are merely counters. Isn't the game of casino permitted on this packet, they'd like to know? How long has there been any regulation prohibiting the playing of euchre on these frigates? They'd like to know. Wronged, aggrieved, insulted, martyrs to a martinet, the players bear the marks of the injury to their feelings on their faces as the accusing officer retires in confusion. And then they go right on playing.

There is very rarely any limit in these poker games between the enlisted men, and large sums of money often change hands in the accounts. There is no weeping. A wretched life would be made so miserable for him by all hands forward that he would find it expedient to desert at the first opportunity. The game is usually in the hands of a dozen or so strong players not long after monthly money has been served out, and the tussle between these giants for the final possession of the bulk of the crew's money is often a prolonged affair, absorbingly interesting to the entire ship's company forward. The men who have dropped out "broke," do not stand around and watch this contest, however, for if they did they would draw too much attention to the game, something they are exceedingly careful not to do. But all hands know what is being done in the battle right along by means of little signals only

understood among man-of-war-men, and this information is quickly disseminated throughout the ship. Not infrequently the money which has been earned and hoarded by a great majority of the crew finds its way into the pockets of a single man. This happened on board one of the vessels on the South Atlantic station a few years ago. A marine, playing with perfect squareness gathered together nearly \$6,000 of the crew's wages—the ship had been for some time in quarantine, and money was plentiful forward—and promptly deserted at Pernambuco. He not yet justified the prediction of the officers that he would eventually turn up again on board one of the ships, broke, and under another name. Blue-jackets who have just been paid off and received sums varying from \$500 to as much as \$2,000 after a three years' cruise, often hazard the great amount in these games, and, if they get cleaned out, immediately ship over and begin the accumulation of another hoard. They make no whimper over their enforced foregoing of rides on palace cars and other joys of life which they have had pictured for themselves at the close of their cruise, but go on shining their bright work without a murmur.

Gambling is also scientifically carried on by the enlisted men of the army. You will not find many soldiers stretched upon their bunks in many quarters on the night of pay day. Those that are not to be found in the canteen are generally not to be found at all, unless the searcher knows the ropes. In every army post there is generally at least one unused building of some sort or another—a paint or a carpenter shop, an abandoned stable, or a quartermaster's storehouse. These are found of the greatest convenience to the men on the days and nights directly following pay day. In an artillery post there is always a sally port that is out of the range of the officer of the day and of the sergeant of the guard. For a few nights following the paymaster's visit these places are fitted up in regular Cripple Creek "hell" fashion. The soldiers are not particular as to the kind of drink they have. They do not consider that the game of draw gives them sufficiently rapid action on their money, and many of them having soldiered in the frontier posts, where in the near-by towns the "tiger" table games are the fashion, the men in blue ordinarily prefer not to "go back" to the old "draw" and the bank. Thus, portable Faro and Mexican monte layouts, generally of oilskin painted with the proper figures and representations, are commonly seen spread out on improvised tables in the unused inclosures when the pay day fever is on. "Mustang," a kind of chuck-a-luck, is another of the games played by the soldiers, especially those who have seen service in the West. Small roulette wheels are occasionally seen. But the great game of enlisted men in the army is stud poker. They may take a few throws at all the games, but it is plainly to be seen that the combined business and joy of the evenings when their pockets are a-jingle are found among the tables. Half a dozen of these stud tables are often in operation for a week or so after pay day in every post—ordinarily one for each company, troop or battery. The men commonly risk their money in the layout of the dealer who belongs to their own outfit. Every company has its good stud dealer, and it has been observed that this soldier has a lot of creature comforts during the month that the men who are mere players in the stud game generally lack. The rake-off keeps the stud dealer of the army four-square to the winds of adversity.

Of course, if these soldiers were caught by the authorities they would be confronted by all sorts of unpleasant possibilities, the first of which would be their double quick march to the "mill" or "clink," and the second their trial by a summary or general court-martial, with the likelihood of receiving a good round sentence at hard labor and a "dishonorable" discharge in addition. But they very rarely get caught. Lookouts are institutions that have been known to enlist soldiers since the days of the old Egyptians, and they are of the greatest value on these occasions. Any officer of the day or sergeant of the guard who, on mischief bent, tries to make his own way to the suspicious shack where the game is on, does so without due consideration to the chain of unseen, but allseeing lookouts, who are paid for their services by the general contribution of their "bunkies" engaged in play. And when such a sergeant of the guard or officer of the day does "hank into" the room, expecting to create general consternation and fear, he is exceedingly likely to find an orderly, sedate congregation of soldiers engaged in an earnest debate as to various points in the new tactics for comparing notes as to differences between Krag-Jorgenson and Springfield rifles. Vestige of gambling paraphernalia is none. The sergeant of the guard, whose post may be directly outside the door, has certainly seen no gambling going on anywhere near his post, and that is all there is to it. The most thorough search of the room in which, two minutes before, gambling had been in full blast, would not discover the faintest trace of any sort of gambling gear, and this the officer of the day, beaten, and before the echo of his footsteps has died away the game is on again.

**Numbers in War.**  
From the San Francisco Chronicle.  
All history teaches that in a war for independence superiority in numbers does not count. For instance, the little republic of Switzerland, surrounded by kingdoms and empires in arms, won its independence upward of 600 years ago, and is independent to-day, yet it has, and has always had only an army of militia. The little principality of Montenegro has been fighting the Turks since the fall of Constantinople, even before the discovery of America. The Dutch republic, and Scotland under Wallace and Bruce, and Prussia under Frederick II. in the Seven Years' War, and America in the revolution, all succeeded with greater odds of numbers against them than were opposed to the seceding states. And to-day Cuba, with only a million and a half of population, seems to be successfully fighting Spain with nearly twenty millions. No, in a war for independence numbers do not count, and it has not often happened in the history of the world, says Duncan Rose in an article in the Century on "Why the Confederacy Failed," that a people who have fought with such desperate valor as the confederates displayed have failed to win independence.

The early cold days of autumn bring out many unique shapes in short caps and collarettes, both with and without stole ends, fur boas and neckties in various combinations of lace and velvet. One novelty is a cape of sable cut in deep round scallops on the bottom and around the high collar, and edged around with cream lace, falling not more than an inch below.

Subscribers for the Standard.

## TRILBY SLAIN BY THE BUTTON GIRL.

From the Plain Dealer.

The button fad has struck the town at a gait that Trilby's shoes might envy. Were that young woman a youthful she would add a saber to her military coat and go out to fight for her laurels upon the field of fadism. The button girl has sprung up, like the button, in a day, and instead of being decorated with flags and campaign designs, she is wearing buttons! If the buttonmakers have been wise enough to have a political sentiment engraved upon the little pearl-colored ensign, well and good! You may read, "I'm a silver man; papa's for tin," as you ride down in the cars of a morning. And if the local buttonmaker has made a certain stamp of button you may see "Gold's good enough for me" under the ripe chin of a pretty miss on her way to a political meeting. But the buttons mostly are non-sectarian, as an old lady remarked as she read the inscription upon the buttons of her granddaughter's button collection: "There's everything from a penny in the plate to 'Sunday school's out.'"

There is one style of the button girl, the girl who loves a button. She takes up the craze less as a fad than as a real fancy. She likes to own the buttons and caresses them as she would canceled stamps or worn-out coins. They are so pretty, she thinks. This style of young woman is the one who carries on her conversation by buttons. They save breath and are so realistic. Like an illustrated song:

To a caller dropping in for lunch, she can say: "Ginger snaps, fresh to-day." And to the guest at parting she can point to a button that will remark: "Stay longer next time." And when looking in her own mirror a minute later, she can point to a reflective button, "Glad she's gone." This is for the girl who loves her buttons and finds company in them. They meet any and all occasions.

A gentleman entering a dry goods shop went to the notion counter for some trifle. Behind it stood a pretty girl. Her breastpin was a button. "Meet me Sunday." And for cuff buttons she had "Will you go treat?" and "I don't know the way home." These rather embarrassed the gentleman, but when the girl turned around he read: "Nog's your time." And when she flashed her head around, her neck ribbon was fastened at the side with "Caramels, please," and "Soda, 5 cents."

This settled the gentleman. He walked out without the spoon of thread and went home to tell his wife, only to learn that the button fad had struck the town and he had encountered the first installment of it.

There are decorative buttons that trim a gown. These are purchased by the hundred at so many for a cent. They are for the girl who wears a great many buttons—in fact, dresses in them.

One of these maidens came down town on a rainy day, with her rainy day suit a sight in buttons. There were buttons around the foot of her waist. Buttons around the yoke of her skirt. Buttons upon her vest, two pyramids of them. Some were blue, others white, and others as black as the mud underneath.

The pyramids upon the vest were the most interesting. At the top you read: "A policeman will take me home." Below you saw: "Bloomers under this skirt," and by the side of this interesting announcement, "My feet are wet" and "one of my legs is really longer than the other."

As the pyramid grew in proportions the announcements became still more entertaining. The button row said: "Does your umbrella leak?" "Make room for me." "Home's the best place." "Wish I didn't work." "Don't you hate rain?"

The lower pyramid went on in the same diverting strain until you gladly read as the bottom button: "Guess I'll get out here."

"This is my corner," was the announcement on her hat. The feature of the button fad is its personality. Like Li Hung Chang, the button is privileged to ask almost any question without rebuke. The simple, "Do you own your bike?" is passed by unnoticed. And "Don't puncture your tire" is taken in the spirit in which it is sent—that of general advice. The button has its mission as well as its peculiarity.

The largest number of buttons that could be worn was determined by the girl who piled 500 upon her dress. She is the one who clothed herself so to speak, in buttons, her only other adornment being a simple black dress. The buttons did the rest. Each button weighed a large fraction of an ounce, so her weight was increased many pounds and her shoes

Many girls who will not wear buttons openly slip them under the lapels of their jackets, and when you pass them the wind will take the lapel and flip it forward and you will read: "Meet me at the bargain counter." Under the other lapel you will catch, "Stop winking at me."

"Take off your hat." "Here comes a lady," are twin buttons standing side by side where you can see them, as the obliging lapel stays back. And hidden almost in its depths is the modest declaration, "No man ever kissed me." This is the button craze as exemplified by the retiring girl who would not for the world wear her buttons outside. Too much like wearing her heart upon her sleeve!

Charming little buttons come for underwear. Girls know all about these buttons. Get some girl with a pronounced attack of the button fad to tell you. She wears buttons on her underwear, you can be sure. Without being vulgar and without violating the proprieties you may know that one of them says "This is a bicycle cor-

set," and another declares "Ribbons on everything." "I like violets best" is a statement you see peeping out of the neck of a morning gown, and if the gown be a faded one in front you may catch a gleam of "Here's my heart."

"I'm the youngest of the family" is another confidential remark told by a sly button.

The button fad is not to be condemned, for it entertains, and that is more than can be said of most fads. It is a useful one, for the buttons are pins, and what would we do without pins? Men wear these pins under their coat lapels and outside. And they lodge them in their cravats and even decorate their trousers' bands with them. "I'm a Samson" holds up the trousers' band of a Yale wrestler, and "I'm Sandow's cousin" trimmed a sweater in which a Harvard oar's football man rested.

"Tell your troubles to a policeman" keeps many a bicycle cap in shape. And now you see "This lady's my sister."

"I want a match" is worn by girls, and "Please help me mount" is another legend of the fair one.

The button fad enriches many a manufacturer, for there are 500 button businesses in the United States, and this means many a factory. The materials are cheap, but the workmanship is complicated. Every button passes through 10 pairs of hands before it can come to you marked, "I'm all right," and "Go to L" is sadly marred and disfigured if you get it before the polish has been put on.

The Chimmy Fadden button is a popular one. One dear old lady wore "What'll I do for some weeks upon her cap strings before she knew what it meant. "I thought it was the old-fashioned 'What tell?' said she, blushing for the first time in 50 years, when the literal translation was laid before her. "And the little button was so becoming to the strings," she said regretfully as her grandson put it on and went out.

"Let's get married," is the button that wears the medal record as the world's record breaker. And next to this come "Let's kiss."

"Let's get married," sells 10 to one. There is no lesson to be learned from this. But the trend of popular admiration can be noticed from it. The boys in the street sell "You're my girl" three to one of almost any others, and nine girls out of 10 purchase "Love me, love my dog" instead of "The church bell is ringing." Truly love has always been the maiden's as well as the poet's theme.

A button box with the new girl does not mean the amiable old cracker box, which she wears the medal record as the world's record breaker. And next to this come "Let's kiss."

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